Some do that thing,ſome do this,
All do ſomething,none amis.
Sir Hugh. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that welch Fairy.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge,arme,head,nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue ſpied one by good lucke,
His body man, his head a Buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now,and I care not.
Quick. Go ſtrait,and do as I command,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers ends,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall,know his name:
If with an F.it doth begin,
Why then be ſure hee's full of ſinne.
About it then,and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphoſed youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers,I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Torches to his fingers,and he ſtarts.

Sir Hugh. Tis right indeed,he is full of lecheries
and iniquitie.
Quick. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well,and after ſing.